

## The Golden Hope

By GEORGE E. COBB

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Where did you get me?"

"Outside of the Dew Drop, tossing your money to a crowd of loafers and bragging that you had come back to Oreville to show people how to mine."

"That's me!" observed Rufe Glidden, sitting up in bed and staring curiously about the dainty orderly room he was in. "And you took me in, the Good Samaritan, eh?"

"I was sorry for you, Rufe, and I didn't forget that you gave me my grub stake five years ago, when you left Oreville."

"Forget that!"

"I never have. The claim, low grade as it is, has enabled me to send a living back to the family in the East, and when my wife died I brought my daughter and the little ones out here. I've saved two thousand dollars. When I double that, I'm going back to the old home town, buy out a modest little business and educate the kids. Breakfast is ready."

"I've not got much appetite," said Rufe, and he looked around as he said it. Then, left to himself, he got up and dressed. His first move was to search his coat. Yes, there was a flask "for the morning swing." He regarded the fiery stuff gloatingly. Then his eye chanced to rest upon the bureau cover. A dozen dainty female toilette accessories showed. A delicately embroidered sachet sent out a sweet perfume. Beyond the closet door a light pretty dress showed. The man observed. An odor of sanctity seemed to appeal to his manliness.

"His daughter's room," he muttered—"she gave it up to me! Bah! they ought to have stowed me in some dog kennel. Through!"

He gave the liquor flask a violent fling through the open window. He



Rufe and Ward Visited the Abandoned Digging.

watched it shatter to pieces on the ground. Then he went down stairs. John Ward was reading a newspaper.

"See here, old friend, give me a scrap of paper and a pencil, will you?"

"After breakfast, yes."

"No, now," insisted Rufe peremptorily. His hand was shaking, as the articles provided, he dashed off a rapid scrawl.

"There," he said, signing his name to the pledge—"the first I ever gave, and the last, for it shall last for all time. Two witnesses, you and—"

"My daughter, Mr. Glidden," interrupted Ward, courteously and gravely, as a charming young girl entered the room. "Rose, you have heard me speak of my best friend."

"Many a time, father," was the earnest reply, and the glance of her grateful, welcoming eyes sent a thrill through the object of her interest, and as well made him shamed.

"He is a good friend to everybody but himself," pursued Ward—"aren't you, Rufe?" he challenged lightly. "Going to mend in that, though, daughter, and here is a little document he wants you to witness with me."

"Yes," burst forth Rufe irrepressibly, as the fair girl signed her name, "and if only out of respect to you, I swear never to break this pledge!"

"You are a good man," she said, simply and sweetly.

Rufe was charmed with the comfort and welcoming atmosphere of the little home. It was not until noon that he left its peaceful, soothing influence. When he left the house he traced mingled anxiety and tenderness in the tones of Rose, as she said:

"You have quite captivated the two children. They will be expecting you home early to tell them some more of those exciting stories of yours, Mr. Glidden."

"I certainly shall not disappoint them," assented Rufe, and his heart beat fast at the underlying token of genuine interest on the part of a true woman.

Sure enough, long before dark he came down the road from the town. His eye was bright, his step elastic. He seemed like one buoyed up by some new energy and interest in life.

"My old friends had programmed a sort of a reception for me in the town," reported Rufe, after a pleasant evening with the little ones, "but I shut them off on the happy water end of it. Now then, friends—for you are that—I've got some business to talk over with you. I was a good deal surprised when I got inquiring around, to find that the Golden Hope mine had petered out."

"Yes, two years ago," nodded Ward. "The vein ran short—not until they had taken out a little fortune, though."

"So I hear," said Rufe, "and I found

the runway going to ruin and the stamp mill rusted and broken. Do you know that the old owner of the mine offered it to me for a thousand dollars?"

"I know it's gone begging, and no one would touch it at any figure," remarked Ward.

"Well, I'm going to buy it," announced Rufe. "Don't think I've gone out of my senses," he added. "Will you stake me?"

"You mean, will I loan you a thousand dollars?"

"Just that."

"Rose, bring my bank book," directed Ward, without a moment's hesitation.

"Not so fast, dear old partner!" interrupted Rufe. "The money will do tomorrow. I want you to help me—will you do it?"

"You mean work with you?"

"Yes."

"Rufe, old friend," spoke Ward, "I wouldn't give five cents for the Golden Hope. You're buying it for a thousand dollars. I never knew you to make a miss in the mining game. I don't know your plan, but I do know that you know your business. Use me. With you for the leader, I follow."

"Thank you, Ward," replied Rufe with palpable emotion—"you shan't miss it."

The Golden Hope mine was located out of the traversed trails. For a solid month every day, quietly and keeping their own counsel, Rufe and Ward visited the abandoned digging. Every day Rose brought them their dinner. What a new glorious life—what a mighty throbbing secret those three talked over, worked over, dreamed over! And every new day two ardent hearts understood one another better and better. At the end of the week Rufe Glidden drove out of town with a hired wagon and two horses. He returned, with a cover over the heaped-up wagon box, in front of the assay office. A crowd gathered. The rumor spread like wildfire that Rufe Glidden had found a giant pocket of pure gold at the old mine.

"It's gold, boys," he admitted buoyantly, "but it came from no pocket. Why, you stupid galoots! It's been lying before your eyes in the clear open ever since the Golden Hope closed down."

And then he explained:

"You see, the careless old workers let grease drop onto the quicksilver plate, and the corrugations let about as much gold slip into the tailings as they really got. We've simply worked the dump—and panned it, pound by pound. If we don't get a clear fifty thousand dollars out of the clean-up, I'm a tenderfoot!"

He was a tender lover to Rose, and that was all of his life, and he went back to the States her proud, loyal husband.

"The treasure we found in the Golden Hope," explained John Ward, when he showed his new neighbors a minted bar of the products of the tailings of the abandoned mine.

"The treasure worth more than all the wealth the Golden Hope ever held!" added Rufe Glidden, his arm encircling bonny, contented Rose.

HELP THE EGYPTIAN WOMEN

Christian Missionaries Are Doing a Wonderful Work in the Country of the Pharaohs.

For the girls of Egypt the schools open the door into a wider and brighter world. But this is not possible for the women in the homes; hence the gospel message must be brought to them. And this is being done by the lady missionaries, married and unmarried, and by the more than fifty Egyptian and Syrian Bible women under their direction, who go from house to house, teach the women to read the gospel, give a simple message suited to the understanding of the women, or conduct simple prayer meetings, and in every way possible try to reach their hearts with the message of salvation. The wives of the Egyptian pastors, and the teachers in the girls' schools, are also doing a good work for the women in the various congregations. The doctors and nurses in the hospitals of the mission are doing much to alleviate the physical sufferings of the women and at the same time instruct them in the Bible. Weekly prayer meetings and monthly missionary meetings furnish instruction and training in Christian work for the women of the church. In these various ways faithful effort is being made for the salvation and uplift of the women of Egypt.—Rev. C. C. Adams.

When Mr. Wibbles Scored.

Really Mr. and Mrs. Wibbles were very happy together, except when an argument arose. Then Mrs. Wibbles contradicted her husband firmly and as a matter of principle. One evening they were discussing the question of superiority of man over woman, and the lady's temper was heated. "At any rate," said her husband presently, "there is one good, sweet and perfect thing which a man can have, but which is barred to women." "Never!" cried Mrs. Wibbles passionately. "I deny it!" Then she asked curiously, "What do you mean?" "A wife," was the calm retort.

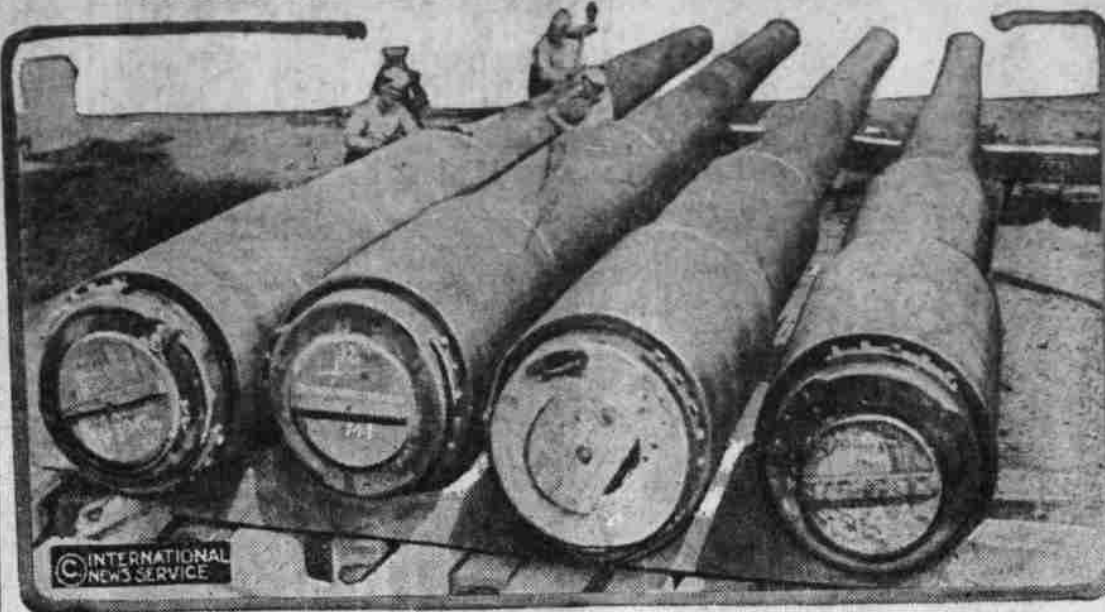
Nice Distinction.

Bert, who was fond of a young man who was home on his vacation from a medical college, injured his hand quite severely, and his mother told him to go over and let Jack—the student—look at it. The little fellow said: "Shall I call him doctor, or just Jack?" Then quickly he added: "Oh, I know; if he has on his old clothes I'll say Jack, but if he has on his good clothes and is all fixed up, then I'll say doctor."

Thief Shows Originality.

Thieves are not common in Alaska, but when one does appear he generally exhibits an originality of conduct difficult for less accomplished folk to comprehend. As an instance of this characteristic a thief broke into a store at Douglas recently and stole all the 1914 tags provided for licensed dogs, thus subjecting every canine in town to the danger of being taken up by the dog catcher.

## TWELVE-INCH GUNS FOR THE U. S. S. MICHIGAN



These big 12-inch guns are to be placed in position aboard the U. S. S. Michigan, the battleship which is one of a number undergoing repairs and refitting at the League Island navy yard, Philadelphia. The activities at that yard are reminders of war-time preparations, for the work is being rushed with all dispatch.

## VILLISTA RAIDERS PRISONERS IN STOCKADE



A few of the Villistas who took part in the raid on Columbus, N. M. They are kept in a stockade at Nampiquia, and are closely guarded by several of the colored troopers.

## SUFFRAGE PARADE DRESS



"Get your marching clothes on!" is the new slogan of the National American Woman Suffrage association. The marching clothes in question will be worn at the Chicago suffrage parade during the Republican convention and will consist of white skirts and blouses and the new "parade hats," which have just made their appearance. "Guaranteed becoming" is this white sailor with its band of suffrage yellow, which was selected after many styles, shapes, sizes, and shades were considered by the committee who sat on the weighty matter.

## Assists Mining-Camp Churches.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has agreed to contribute toward the erection of a Roman Catholic church in Berwind, one of the coal camps of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, and in a letter to officials of the company he promises to co-operate in building both Catholic and Protestant churches in every one of the company's camps where the need of such edifices is apparent.

"Any church work to be successful must be organized and controlled by the community in which it is situated," wrote Mr. Rockefeller, in stipulating that the miners themselves shall run their own churches without the help of the great company.

Fish Attracted by Warm Water.

A warm water artesian well on the Arthur Burro farm empties into the river a short distance from Ludden, N. D., the water being warm enough to keep the stream from freezing at that point. Thousands of fish last winter swarmed to this point until they were so thick that they could be shoveled out by the wagonload.

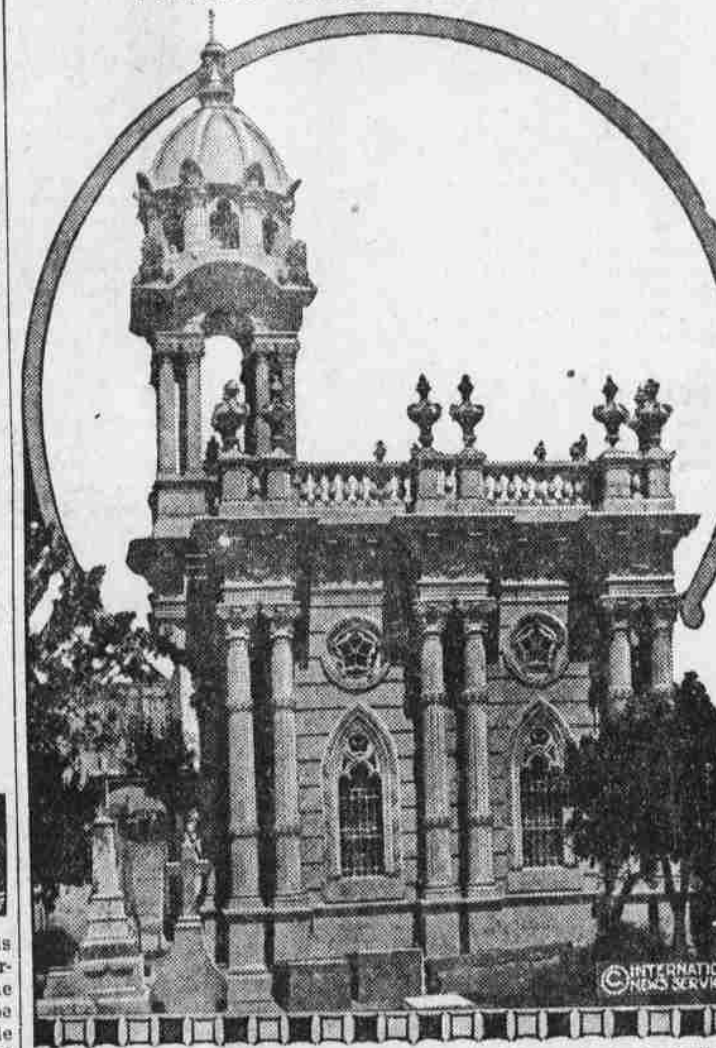
To Avoid Colds.

In brief, if you wish to be absolutely immune from colds of all kinds, and their more serious sequences, here is the recipe: Eat abstemiously of non-stimulating food. Fast occasionally. Avoid table salt, wooden underclothing and foul air, and harden the body by exposure to the air and sun, and occasionally to cold water.

Millions of Glass Eyes.

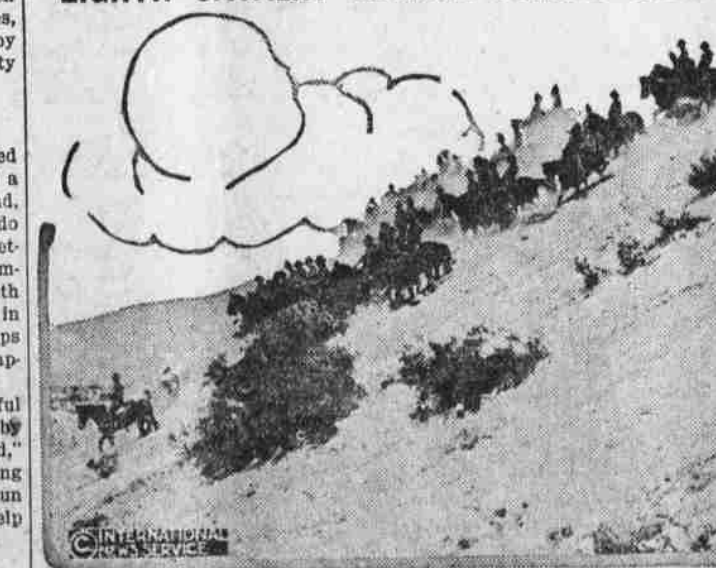
The world's population makes use of 2,500,000 glass eyes in the course of each year.

## PANCHO VILLA'S FAMILY TOMB



Before the decline of his power, Villa built this ornate tomb in the Chihuahua cemetery for himself and his family.

## EIGHTH CAVALRY MAKING FORCED MARCH



The Eighth United States cavalry on a forced march hurrying to one of the bases of supplies in Mexico.

## Use Rice as Bread.

At one meal a Jap will eat three or four bowls of rice, each half as large again as a large breakfast cup, in addition to his other food, the rice being merely an accessory like bread.

## No Rest for Mammas.

As bedtime comes and curtains fall, my lrisome cares seem put to rout, as worn and weary into bed I crawl, from my household duties tired out. But, as snug-between the sheets I lie, and heavy lids have ceased to wink—from baby's crib there comes a cry, "Mamma, please dot me a drink."

## Got Him Guessing.

"Why those clothes, my dear?" "I thought you were fond of them," explained the innocent young bride. "You seem to partake of them down town every day."

Then he looked fixedly at her, but could arrive at no conclusion as to her motives.

## Score One for Esau.

Esau was a better business man than most of the spendthrifts. He got the mess of pottage for which he traded his birthright.

## Jays of Beyhood.

One of the joys of life to the boys of a small town is to have a pretty girl come from the city to visit the sister of one of them for a week.—Toledo Blade.

## Color-Blind Bees.

According to the London correspondent of the New York Sun, Prof. K. von Frisch of Berlin has been making a series of interesting experiments to test the color sense of bees. These experiments seem to show that, whatever color sense bees may possess, the ability to distinguish red and red is not comprised in it. The professor carried on his experiments on bees in the open air near his hives, and by the aid of what is called the food-preference method, he found that one day's training was enough to teach many hundreds of bees to distinguish between blue and gray.

To test the bee's perception of color, he offered them a material inducement to remember (and distinguish) that whatever was colored blue was sweet, and whatever was gray (although he employed 32 shades) was not sweet. In the same way they were taught later that yellow indicated sweet-scent. But no amount of training was over able to teach the bees that there was any difference in color between red and black. The bees were totally color blind to red.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP

### Congressmen Want Portraits in the Directory

WASHINGTON.—The Congressional Record recently contained a petition signed by 65 members of the house recommending that in all future issues of the Congressional directory the photographs of the 435 members of the house accompany their autobiographies in that annual publication.

Furthermore, the house voted informally to include in the Barnhart printing bill an amendment authorizing publication of photographs in the directory.

An amusing debate, participated in by handsome and not so handsome members of the house, preceded the adoption of the amendment. Congressmen Edward of Georgia and Smith of Idaho sponsored the amendment.

Among the reasons advanced why the pictures of members ought to be published in the directory the following were enumerated in the petition: Members would be more quickly acquainted with each other; officials in the departments would easily recognize members and make introductions less necessary; the directory would be more valuable as a public document; the expense would be nominal, only a few hundred dollars each session.

When Congressman Ragsdale suggested moving pictures of members, and Congressman Walsh recommended a plush-covered album for the clerk's desk, Congressman Smith insisted that this was a serious matter, and he did not intend to reply to jocular inquiries. Mr. Walsh said that "it might be wise to have the fingerprints to aid in the identification of members."

### Public Health Service Monkey Causes Trouble

BECAUSE an innocent, but bewhiskered, monkey belonging to the public health service was locked in a room while a citizen of Washington was looking up the animal's antecedents, the United States may be sued for damage. The room was the property of a man living near the hygienic laboratory, and although the monkey was the occupant thereof for only an hour, what he did to the apartment was plenty. He made gay with a pair of trousers, smashed a large banquet lamp and tore off 12 square yards of wall paper.

The trouble started when the monkey left the laboratory without permission. For several weeks he had been confined in a cage in the building and, in company with a horse, many guinea pigs and several chickens, had submitted to a number of experiments at the hands of surgeons. One of the uses to which he was put was the testing of serum, but he did not like the hypodermic. Watching his chance, one day he left the cage when one of the helpers forgot to lock the door, and within a few minutes was skipping over the roof.

The first thing the surgeons knew about the monkey's escape was a call from a nearby retail merchant, who inquired whether a reward had been offered for the animal's return. "I will give you my monkey for \$2," he said, "and that is cheap, too, for I had a terrible time catching him."

"But we have no fund for that purpose," replied the doctor in charge of the laboratory. "I think myself it is worth \$2 to catch a live monkey. I wouldn't do it for \$10." The man wanted to get rid of the monkey, so he led one of the attendants to his house.

When the door was opened to the room where the monkey was confined it was found to be a wreck. "Oh, my new trousers," cried the man who caught the runaway. "Just look at them; they cost me \$9 last week."

"Perhaps you had better keep the monkey for the damage he has done," suggested the man from the laboratory.

"Not on your life," cried the owner of the trousers. "If he stays in my house two hours longer there will be nothing left. Take him away, and I will sue the United States for what I have lost."

Mystery of the Missing Reindeer Is Unsolved

"WHO ate the reindeer?" is the question that is agitating the department of the interior. It is a deep, dark mystery. Herbert Meyer, private secretary to the secretary of the interior, affects to believe that the matter is one of no moment. But when he is pressed into discussion of the subject his face wears the expression seen upon the face of the cat after its justly celebrated interview with the canary. But he is the one member of the secretary's immediate official family who has produced an alibi for himself. Private secretaries, in the very nature of their work, are experts in alibis.

The story of the missing reindeer starts with the beginning of the winter's social activities in Washington.

For the first time in several years official Washington determined to resume the old practice of having cabinet dinners. That is, each cabinet officer in turn was to give a dinner to the president and Mrs. Wilson.

Bright young men about the department concluded that here was a chance to pull a clever stunt and incidentally advertise the resources of Alaska. Stephen T. Mather, a young millionaire who puts in some 14 hours a day at work as assistant to the secretary, put the idea into effect. He got William T. Loop, who is in charge of the Alaska school and reindeer service, to import a shipment of reindeer meat from Alaska via Seattle, and it was put in cold storage awaiting Secretary Lane's cabinet dinner.

The secretary was called West unexpectedly, and it was necessary to postpone the feast. Therefore the cold-storage warehouse had the custody of the precious meat for some time.

When the dinner date approached someone thought to check up on the meat. A delegation visited the butcher shop where it had been stored. Mother Hubbard's sensations on discovering the bareness of her cupboard had nothing on the sensations of the delegation. The meat, so the butcher said, had been withdrawn by order of the secretary. The secretary, when this was reported to him, was mystified, but since several have authority to do things in his name he concluded to remain mystified. Inquiries might prove embarrassing.

So it was that President Wilson had something else to eat when he tucked his legs under Secretary Lane's table. Alaska reindeer did not appear on the menu.

Even the President Couldn't Resist This Show

THE boy in a man remains even if the man becomes president of the United States. This was demonstrated the day President Wilson went to congress to advise the lawmakers that he had sent the ultimate note on the submarine issue to Germany. Plainly cognizant of the seriousness of the step he had taken the president left the White House in his automobile for the mile drive up Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol. Passing one of a crowd of thousands stretched completely across the wide thoroughfare, stopping the presidential party, bent upon an errand of the greatest concern to the entire nation. The great crush puzzled the president and the secret service men until they followed the upward gaze of the sea of faces and saw suspended in midair a man struggling to release himself from a straight jacket.

It was a well-known juggler performing one of his outdoor advertising feats. The police forced a passageway for the White House car, which moved ahead slowly, the president all the while peering through the windows, first the side, then the rear, apparently as much absorbed in the man's antics as any newsworthy. He seemed disappointed when the way was cleared for the continuance of his journey before the vaudeville man had extricated himself.

COLOR-BLIND BEES.

According to the London correspondent of the New York Sun, Prof. K. von Frisch of Berlin has been making a series of interesting experiments to test the color sense of bees. These experiments seem to show that, whatever color sense bees may possess, the ability to distinguish red and red is not comprised in it. The professor carried on his experiments on bees in the open air near his hives, and by the aid of what is called the food-preference method, he found that one day's training was enough to teach many hundreds of bees to distinguish between blue and gray.

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